"Ah!" he says, "I had a good time! *I* led the life of a prince. I had a hotel room, a fifty-franc room. . . ."

One evening, returning to Havre, he found an empty bed; his mistress, tired of waiting for him, had run off with an Englishman.

I ask him what has become of little Auguste, whom, some time ago, he used to introduce as his brother. But he never sees him any more and doesn't seem to enjoy talking about him. "He is in Madagascar/' he says. The last time that I saw Auguste myself, he had just got out of the Petite Roquette prison.

Last night Ducote's last Thursday reception. (He is leaving for Italy.) I get there about ten o'clock, having first stopped in at the Charles Gides'.

Leaving Ducote's, Charles-Louis Philippe accompanies me. We walk for a long time on the boulevards.

"The thing that embarrasses me when I talk with you," he says, "is that I haven't yet discovered when you find me interesting."

"But precisely when you say such things as that, my dear Philippe/'

This morning I was to see Alexandre again. He had invited me to look him up at his lodging, rue de Trevise. The concierge shows an obvious unwillingness to give any information.

"M. Alexandre S.," I asked.

"No, Monsieur."

"I have been told that this is the place/*

"This is and this isn't," she replies.

"What do you mean by that, my good woman?"

"That he doesn't live here. He simply keeps some furniture."

"I must talk to him. Where can I find him?"

"I don't know anything about *it"*

I start away, furious. She calls me back.

"Listen," she says; "if you want to knock at the second door on the left, third floor of the service entrance, you can see whether he is there."

I go up. I knock and wait. I knock again. A quarter

of an hour is spent this way. I go away; return; knock again. . . . No one.

And no one at five o'clock either, in front of the Folies, where we had made a vague appointment. No luck! But I should have liked seeing him in his own lodgings.

It is almost five years that I have known Alexandre. How interesting he would be if he didn't lie constantly!

Gheon's frankness consoles me for all my hypocrisies. He possesses admirable strength and health. Though he restrains me somewhat and delights in making me appear stupid, I take the greatest pleasure in